

IT is in the anguish of my Heart, and pleasure of my Soul, that I condole your Demolition, and congratulate your Rise; the Care of our Royal Master has rais'd us to the Wonder of the World, and Terror of our Enemies; we are now two Virgin-Sister-Forts, allied by the nearest Ties of Blood, as formidable for our Strength as Beauties, let us therefore unite in the common Cause, despise our Rivals Impotence, and throw aside all fears of Violence Rape, or Invasion; we are founded on some hundred Pillars of Concave Brasses, Mouth-Pieces of Duration, and terrible Report; let the World know that we are plac'd to correct Insolencies, command Obedience, and make whole Nations smoak.

I now foresee our Grandeur shall revive, the Lyon's Roar shall loose its Force, nor longer keep the *Iberian* in his Ports: Our Galleons shall secure our Treaties, and our Treaties Conduct our Galleons home, my Guns are mounted upon the Bay, and who can stand the Fury of their Charge? Oh! *Dunkirk*, thy Ruins hath been great; but Oh! *Graveline*, thy Glory shall be greater; I hear thee threaten all around, and like a Phenix spring full Beautiful from the Ashes of thy Mother; old Ocean covers her Remains, but in her Death thy Horn shall be exalted.

When floating Castles shall usurp the Main,
Display the Flag, and boast the gaudy Vane,
Thou stand'st a Curb, to check the growth of Pow'r,
And shew what Shocks their Navies felt before,
The proudest Barque that rowles upon the Sea,
Shall Homage at thy Port and Strike to thee.

Excuse this Humrical Rhodomontado, but I assign you my Reason, for I've just fir'd three Rounds of Doubloon Cannon, and one continued Roar, lik a Poetic Thunder, has chin'd thro' my whole Works, and shook the very Bassis of my Embattlements; may you flourish under the auspicious Reign of your **G R E A T L E W I S**, may Wealth and and Peace support the Grandeur of both States, and when their Honours are at that growth as to refuse Addition, may they stand the Boast of Christendom, the Pride of Europe, and like Monuments of Glory mix in the general Dissolution of the Universe.

P. S. I transmait you one small Paragraph of News; The Picqueoona are just alarm'd, and about a quarter of a Mile's distance great Want of Beef and Pudding, they are just in the Streight's Mouth, and a Sheep's Head may be deservedly stil'd a Wonder of Nature.

LETTER

OF

ADDRESS

From the new *Spanish* Fort at *Gibraltar*, to the
Fortifications of old *Dunkirk* and *Gravelines*.